

ANIMAL
HORROR

DO YOU HAVE THE NERVE TO SPEND A RAINY NIGHT IN...

THE BARN OF

FEAR



NO.1
\$1.00



ALFREDO P.
V. ALCALA
3/77



WELCOME BOYS AND GHOULS TO THE FIRST STOMACH-RETTING ISSUE OF **BARN OF FEAR**. HA! HA! YOU FOOLS! YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT ONCE YOU OPENED THE COVER OF THIS BOOK, YOU RELEASED ALL OF IT'S HELL-SPAWNED INHABITANTS! NOW, IF YOU PUT DOWN THIS BOOK, THEY'LL ALL CRAWL OUT AND THEN...BOY, IT'S TOO AWFUL FOR EVEN ME TO THINK ABOUT! SO WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T PUT THIS BOOK DOWN FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE OR IT'LL BE YOUR DEATH! HA-HA-HA! READ ON TO YOUR **DOOM!**

THERE ARE SIX-HUNDRED-FORTY-TWO CHICKEN FARMS IN KENTUCKY ALONE. EVERY DAY, SMALL DRAMAS OF LIFE AND DEATH ARE STAGED ON THESE FARMS. BUT WHAT IS DRAMA FOR THE CHICKENS IS OFTEN A MERE GAME FOR THE FARMERS. FORMER ARMY COLONEL EBEN SILICA, FOR EXAMPLE, PERHAPS RECALLING EARLIER CHILDHOOD DAYS (OR ACTION IN THE PACIFIC), CALLS THE GAME...

LET'S PLAY CHICKEN!



THE DRAMA, FOR THOSE WHO DEEM IT SUCH, IS PLAYED OUT IN FIVE ACTS...

NOW WHICH ONE O' YEW IS GONNA BE SOUTHERN-FRIED BY NIGHTFALL?



FIRST, A VICTIM IS CHOSEN BY FATE, DULL INSTINCTS, AND FREQUENTLY... STUPIDITY.



THEN, TAKING PRECAUTIONS TO PREVENT AN UNTIMELY ESCAPE, THE VICTIM IS PINNED DOWN TO A SUITABLY BLOOD-STAINED ALTAR...

HOLD STILL NOW--CUZ THIS'LL ONLY SMART FER A MINUTE.

YEW WON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSIN' TILL IT'S--

TOO LATE!!

GHOKT!

...WHEREUPON THE VICTIM IS SACRIFICED.

THE FOURTH ACT IS COLONEL EBEN SILICA'S FAVORITE PART--AND ALWAYS HAS BEEN.

ONE... TWO... THREE... FOUR...

...EIGHTEEN... NINETEEN... TWENTY... TWENTY-ONE...

THE FIFTH ACT, OF COURSE, IS THE CLIMAX...

...FORTY... FORTY-ONE... FORTY-TWO!

FORTY-TWO SECONDS-- THAT'S A NEW RECORD!!

...AND FOR EBEN, IT IS A VERY HAPPY ENDING INDEED.

HE SHORE WUZ A HOPPER AN' A FLOPPER! BE A LONG TIME AFORE ANY OTHER PERKY PULLET BEATS THIS--

EBEN SILICA-- YOU DONE IT AGAIN!

MRS. SILICA MARRIED EBEN WHEN SHE WAS **FOURTEEN** YEARS OLD. WITHOUT A NEST EGG TO START ON, LIFE HAS NOT BEEN **PLEASANT** FOR HER... AND THIRTY YEARS LATER, SHE **STILL** REGRETS HER VOWS...

I'M **WARNIN'** NOW YEW, WOMAN, DON'T START IN AGIN ABOUT THE DAMN **EGGS**.



DON'T YOU TELL **ME** NOT TO START IN AGIN -- **YOU'RE** THE ONE WHO'S, STARTED IN AGIN, KILLIN' ANOTHER POOR **CHICKEN!** NOW WE HAVE GOT TO DECIDE ONCE AN' FOR ALL, EBEN SILICA, WHICH COMES **FIRST** -- THE **CHICKENS** OR THE **EGGS!**

EVER SINCE YOU **LOST** THET **BABY** WHEN YOU WUZ **FOURTEEN**, WOMAN, AN' FOUND YEW CAIN'T HAVE NO **MORE** BABIES, YOU BEEN OBSESSED WITH **EGGS!** YOU GOT SOME KINDA **MOTHER-FIX** -- OUGHTA SEE ONE O' THEM **HEAD-DOCTORS!**



AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' TO DO WITH **MOTHERIN'** -- IT'S JUST **COMMON SENSE!** WE MAKE THIS AN **EGG FARM**, THEN WE GOT SOMETHIN' TO SUPPORT US **FOREVER**. BUT IF'N WE MAKE THIS A **CHICKEN FARM**, WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THE LAST CHICKEN'S BEEN **KILT** -- ?

STUPID WOMAN -- AFORE **THET** HAPPENS, WE SAVES A FEW **EGGS** AN' LETS 'EM HATCH INTO MORE **CHICKENS**.



BUT IF'N WE KEEP **ALL** THE **CHICKENS** ALIVE, THEN WE GOT'S MORE AN' **MORE** **EGGS** TO **SELL** -- AN' **EVER** -- **BODY** EATS **EGGS** FER **BREAKFAST!** B SIDES, EBEN, YOU **PROMISED** WE'D SWITCH TO **EGGS** -- PROMISED YOU WOULDN'T KILL NO MORE **CHICKENS!**

THE DAY I PROMISED ANYTHIN' SO DAMN **FOOLISH**, WOMAN, WUZ THE DAY I WUZ **DEAD DRUNK** AN' **PIE-EYED** TO THE **SKY!**

NOW GIT OLT'N MY WAY -- SO'S I CAN **PLUCK** THIS THING.



MRS. SILICA LOOKED DOWN AT THE GREASY **SMEAR** OF **BLOOD** EBEN HAD LEFT ON HER **FRESHLY** LAUNDERED DRESS. SHE FROWNED IN DISGUST. SHE KNEW, NOW, THAT HER HUSBAND'S SOLEMN PROMISE WAS WORTH LESS THAN A **CHICKEN** GIZZARD...

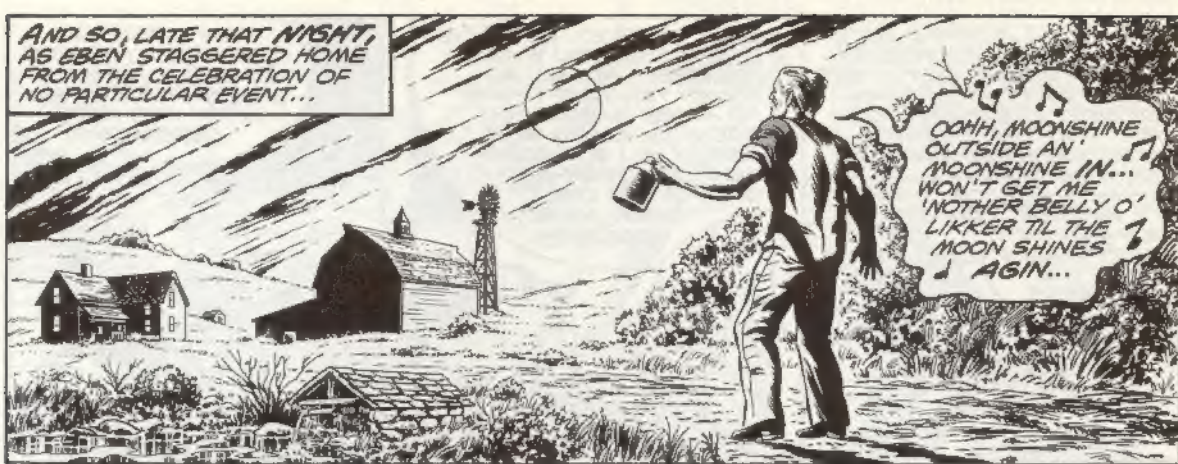


THAT DOES IT! I'LL SHON HIM -- DO SOMETHIN' I'VE BEEN THINKN' ABOUT FER A **LONG** TIME...

FIRST STOP IS TO GO INTO **TOWN** AN' SEE OLE **DOC WILEY**... AN' THEN EBEN WON'T HAVE NO MORE **CHOICE** 'BOUT THE MATTER.



AND SO, LATE THAT NIGHT,
AS EBEN STAGGERED HOME
FROM THE CELEBRATION OF
NO PARTICULAR EVENT...



OOHH, MOONSHINE
OUTSIDE AN'
MOONSHINE IN...
WON'T GET ME
'NOTHER BELLY O'
LIKKEER TIL THE
MOON SHINES
AGIN...

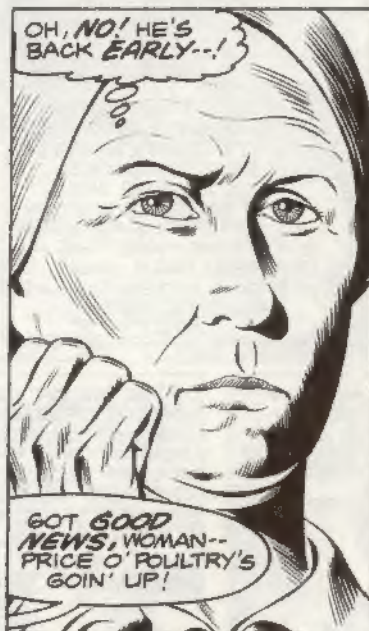
...MRS. SILICA FURTIVELY
LABORED IN HER KITCHEN,
UNAWARE OF EBEN'S PROX-
IMITY...

NOW I JUST
GOTTA MIX A LITTLE
MORE O' THIS GUNK
FROM THE BLUE
BOTTLE
INTO--



OH, NO! HE'S
BACK EARLY--!

GOT GOOD
NEWS, WOMAN--
PRICE O' POULTRY'S
GOIN' UP!



Y' HEAR
ME, WOMAN--?
I SAID--

SAYYYY... WHATCHOO
GOT THERE ON
THE SINK? BOT-
TLES... MEDICINES?
CHEM' CALS...?

ER... UH, YES,
EBEN-- THEY'RE
CHEMICALS! I, UH...
THOUGHT I'D TRY
DYIN' MY HAIR
SOME OTHER
COLOR...

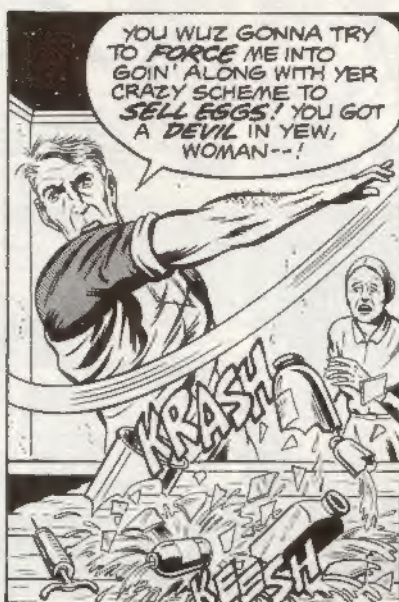


WHATCHOO TRYIN'
TO PULL, WOMAN?
THIS HERE STUFF
AIN'T NO HAIR-DYE
CHEM' CALS. YOU
BEEN TO SEE
THET OLE HORSE-
DOCTOR WILEY,
AIN'T YA?!

THIS HERE GUNK
IS HORMONES,
AIN'T IT? YOU WLIZ
GONNA PUMP IT INTO
THE HENS-- SO'S
THEY'D LAY BIGGER
EGGS-- KNOWIN' IT'D
SPOIL THE TASTE O'
THEIR FLESH!



YOU WLIZ GONNA TRY
TO FORCE ME INTO
GOIN' ALONG WITH YER
CRAZY SCHEME TO
SELL EGGS! YOU GOT
A DEVIL IN YEW,
WOMAN--!



AN' I'M
AGONNA
BEAT THAT
DEVIL OUTTA
YEW!!

NO--!
N-- UHN!!



AND THAT'S JUST WHAT EBEN
DID. HE BEAT THE HELL OUT
OF HIS WIFE...

AND WHEN HE WAS DONE, EBEN FOUND HE WAS NO LONGER DRUNK, SO HE DECIDED TO GET THAT WAY AGAIN, LEAVING BEHIND A SOBBING MESS OF A WOMAN...



THE MAN AIN'T NEVER BEEN NOTHIN' BUT MISERY TO ME... BUT I'LL FIX 'M... FIX 'M BUT GOOD!



AN' I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH THIS MIXTURE IS OFF--I'M GONNA DO IT!



THERE! AN' I HOPE THIS SPOILS YOUR DRUMSTICKS ROTTEN!

BUT I'LL TELL YEW ONE THING-- YOU'RE SHORE GONNA LAY THE PRIZE EGGS IN ALL OF SUMTER COUNTY!

LITTLE DID MRS. SILKA IMAGINE ...THAT SHE HAD JUST COMMITTED THE GREATEST UNDER-STATEMENT IN ALL THE ANNALS OF CHICKEN-FARMING.

INDEED, LESS THAN TWENTY MINUTES LATER THAT VERY NIGHT...

...THE HEN DROPPED FIVE OF THE BIGGEST EGGS EVER LAID BY CHICKEN OR SEEN BY MAN. THERE WAS ONLY ONE PROBLEM: THEY WERE GREEN...



...UUUUUWK!

...AND ALL BUT ONE OF THEM DISINTEGRATED--INTO A GLOWING POOL OF BUBBLING, PERKING GREEN MUSH.



BAWWWK!

KRZZZ

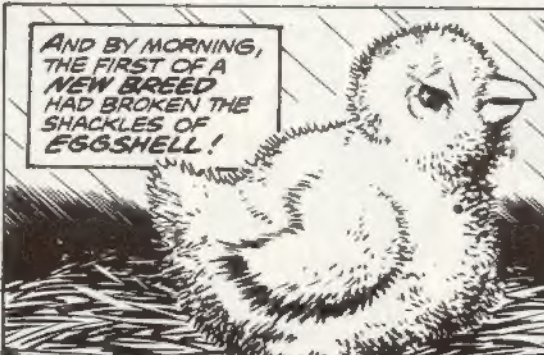
THE HEN WAS HORRIFIED AT WHAT SHE HAD WROUGHT, AND WOULD OBVIOUSLY HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH SITTING ON THE MESS...

NEVERTHELESS, BY VIRTUE OF STEWING IN THIS EMERALD POOL OF INCUBATOR FLUID, THE ONE SURVIVING EGG BEGAN TO...HATCH.



BUK

Bu BUK BUUU...



AND BY MORNING, THE FIRST OF A NEW BREED HAD BROKEN THE SHACKLES OF EGGSHELL!

THE AIR IN THE BARN SEEMED TO GO COLD, AND THE MOONLIGHT HARDENED TO CRYSTAL... FOR DEEP IN THE EYES OF THIS NEW CHICKEN THERE BURNED THE FIRES OF INTELLIGENCE.

MRS. SILICA COULDN'T UNDERSTAND, NOR COULD SHE BE EXPECTED TO UNDERSTAND...

YECCH! MUSTA MADE THE POOR HEN SICK. LEAST SHE COULDA TROTTED OUT TO THE YARD...



WELL, GUESS THAT DAMN BRUTE'S DONE WON AGIN-- AIN'T GOT ENUF MONEY TO BUY NO MORE HORMONES FROM DOC WILEY... CONSUMN IT!



BUT THE NEWLY HATCHED CHICK UNDERSTOOD... ALL TOO WELL.

ON THE SURFACE OF THINGS, LIFE SEEMED TO RETURN TO NORMAL ON EBEN SILICA'S CHICKEN FARM...



BUT FATE WAS STEADILY TAKING SHAPE... AND PASSIONS WERE COMING TO A HEAD...



...SO THAT BY THE TIME THE NEW CHICKEN HAD FULLY MATURED, HE HAD SEEN ENOUGH DRAMA AND GORE TO LAST A LIFETIME... AND VOWED A VERY PERSONAL VOW.



IT STARTED THREE DAYS LATER, AT DUSK... AND WITH AN AXE IN EBEN'S HAND...

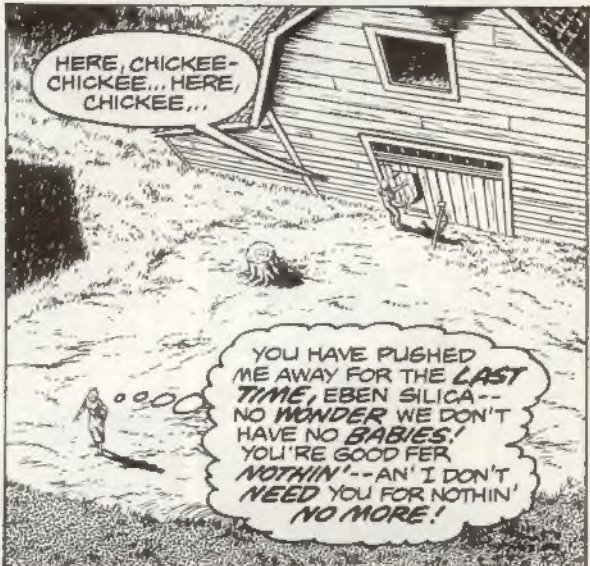
EBEN--HONEY, WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS... PLEASE TALK TO ME...

MY WAY, WOMAN--WE AIN'T HAD NOTHIN' TO TALK ABOUT-- NOT SINCE THAT NIGHT WITH THE HORMONES!



HERE, CHICKEE--CHICKEE... HERE, CHICKEE...

YOU HAVE PUSHED ME AWAY FOR THE LAST TIME, EBEN SILICA-- NO WONDER WE DON'T HAVE NO BABIES! YOU'RE GOOD FER NOTHIN'--AN' I DON'T NEED YOU FOR NOTHIN' NO MORE!



EBEN LATCHED THE BARN DOOR AND PEERED INTO THE GLOOM. THAT'S WHEN HE CAUGHT FIRST SIGHT OF THE CHICKEN OF HIS DREAMS...



WELL... LOOKEE HERE... HEH HEH HEH... YEW'RE A BIG 'UN, AIN'T YEW, CHICKEE-CHICKEE...

WELL, CHICKEE... ARE YEW READY TO BE SOUTHERN-FRIED BY--



YOWTCH!! GOODAM MEAN CHICKEN--! MADE ME BLEED!

THE CHICKEN'S VOW ADDED FUEL TO HIS INDIGNATION, AND EBEN'S AXE CONTRIBUTED THE URGENCY...



UHN--! MUH HAID--! WHUT IN THE HAIL--?!



CHICKEN'S GONE-- DISTA-PEERED!

I DON'T KNOW NOW, BUT THIS IS ALL THAT DAMN WOMAN'S FAULT--IT'S ABOUT TIME I CHOPPED HER UGLY HAID OFF... AN' I'M GONNA DO IT!



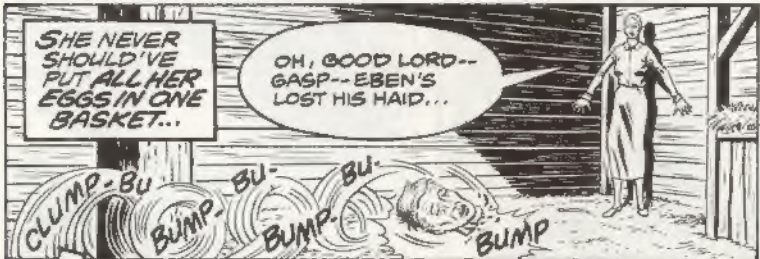
HUH--? SO THERE'S THE CHICKEN. WELL, BEFORE I TAKE CARE O' THET WOMAN, I BETTER DEAL WITH FIRST THINGS FIRST...

DAMN BIRD AIN'T HUMAN--NO TELLIN' WHUT IT'LL DO...



EBEN--HONEY, OPEN THE BARN DOOR, DEAR--I WANNA TALK TO YOU, SWEETIE... I WANNA SAY I'M SORRY. I DON'T CARE 'BOUT THEM EGGS NO MORE. YOU CAN KILL ALL THE DAMN CHICKENS YOU WANT, SWEETIE-PIE...

WHY, I'LL EVEN HELP YOU CHOP OFF YOUR UGLY SCRAWNY HEADS!



Toro!

STORY BY
LAW RENZ.
ART BY
ALFREDO P.
ALCALA

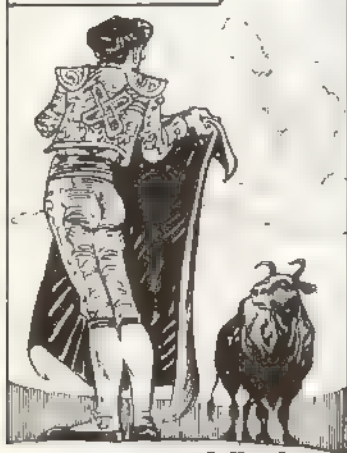
THE MATADOR WAS NERVOUS AS HE MADE HIS WAY INTO THE ARENA. THE CROWD WAS SILENT UNLIKE HIS PREVIOUS APPEARANCES.



THE TRUMPETS BLAZED AND THE MATADOR TOOK HIS POSITION AS THE BULL WAS RELEASED...



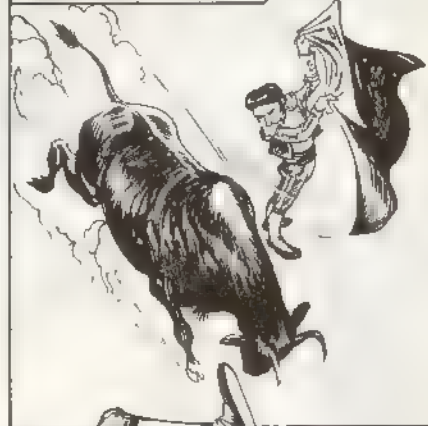
THE BULL LOOKED AROUND THE RING...



... AND **CHARGED**...



THE MATADOR HELD HIS CAPE AT THE READY AND TURNED AWAY A SECOND BEFORE THE BULL REACHED HIM...

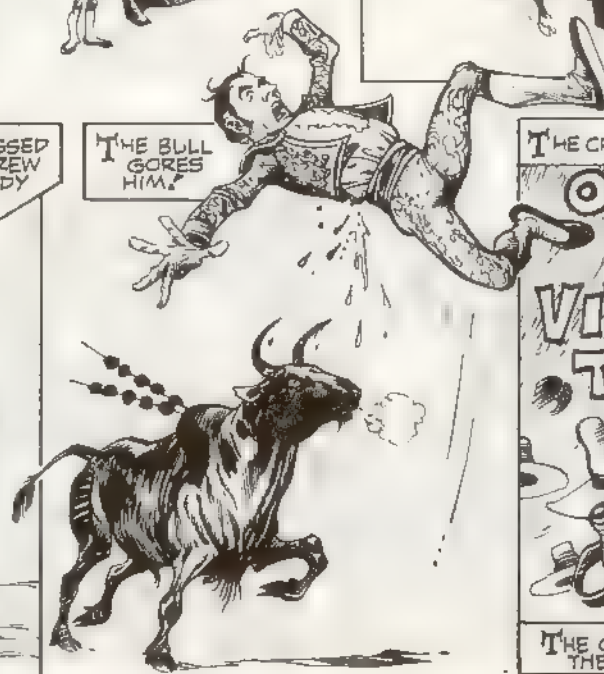


SEVERAL TIMES THE BULL PASSED HIS SWORD AND POISED IT READY FOR THE KILL AS THE BULL CHARGED TOWARD HIM...



THIS WAS THE MOMENT...

THE BULL GORES HIM.

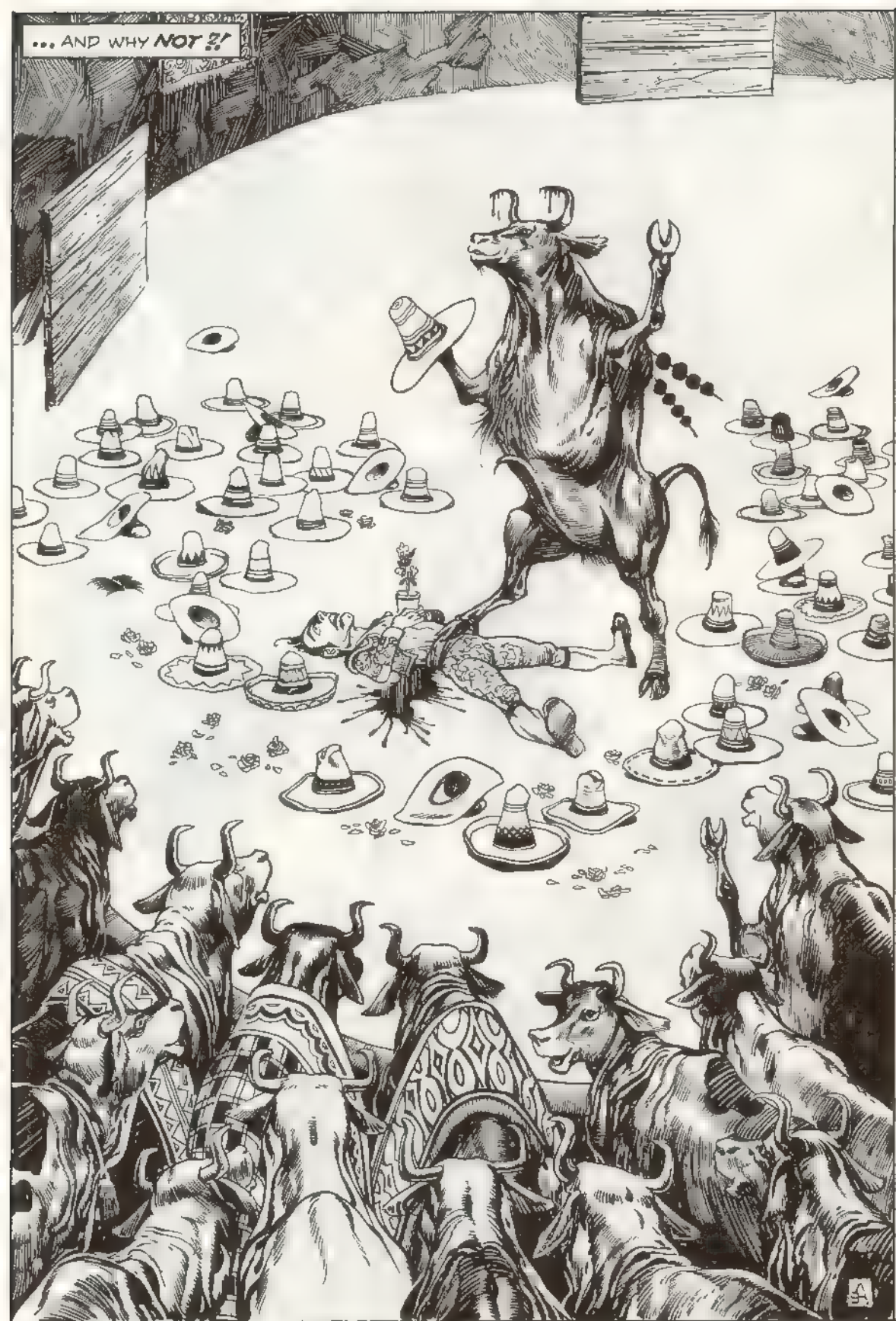


THE CROWD ROARS...



THE CROWD CHEERS THE BULL...

... AND WHY NOT?!



"I AM HANNA THE KILLER HEN,
AND OUR HOST IS LETTING ME
RELATE ONE OF MY...

TALES FROM THE HEN HOUSE OF HORRORS.

THE CORPSE COOP

WE CALL

IT: **BUYING**

UNCLE

BARNEY'S FUNNY FARM ©1977

by

DATACK N.
GROVE

WE NEED
THAT FARM
FOR OUR
INDUSTRIAL
PARK.

YES, MR
OBESE.

DOWN HOME
COOKING AT
CHAPMAN'S
TAKE THE
BELFAST TURNED

THERE, LIZZIE,
YOU'RE FINE NOW

"UNCLE
BARNEY
WAS
UNAWARE
OF THE
MEN
WATCHING
FROM THE
HILLSIDE..."

"...BUT JESSI-JANE SAW
THEM AS THEY STARTED
DOWN TOWARD HIM..."

"AND SHE TURNED
HER STEED
TOWARD
HOME..."

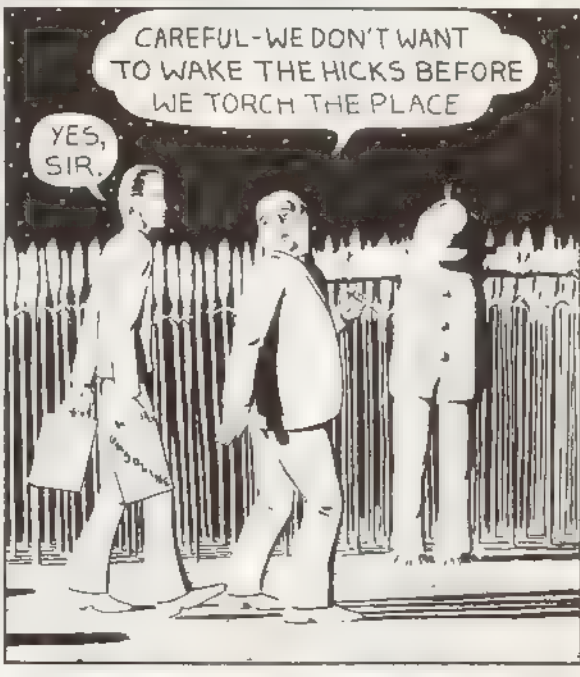
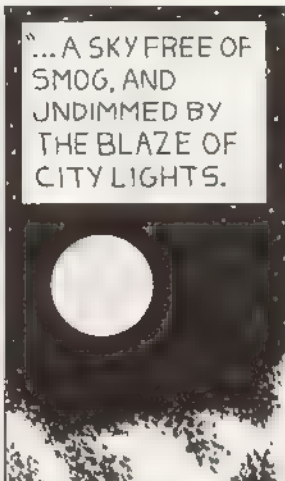
YES, WE CAN GIVE YOU
A PRETTY PENNY FOR
YOUR FARM, BARNEY.

WHAT'S WRONG,
UNCLE BARNEY?

NOTHIN'S WRONG,
CHILE. PINKEY
HERE WAS JUST
ASKIN' 'BOUT
BUYIN' THE
PLACE.

OH, BUT
WHAT ABOUT
THE CRITTERS?

REST
EASY NOW
JESSI.





IMAGINE THAT RUBE
AND THAT DUMB BITCH
SAYING NO TO ME



THERE'LL BE A
LITTLE BONUS IN
THIS FOR YOU,
MILTON.



WELL, WHAT
DO YOU SAY
TO THAT?



WELL,
MILTON?



MILTON?



DAMNED
GUTLESS
WONDER
MUST'VE
RUN OUT
ON ME.

WHERE
COULD HE BE?
HEH-HEH-HEH



SOON, AND
WE'LL HAVE
POPPED
CORNBALLS!
HAR-HAR!



DON'T Y'THINK
Y'UGHT T'PUT
THAT THERE CAN
DOWN, PINKEY?



MIGHT HURT
YOURSELF, SMOKIN'
NEAR GAS.

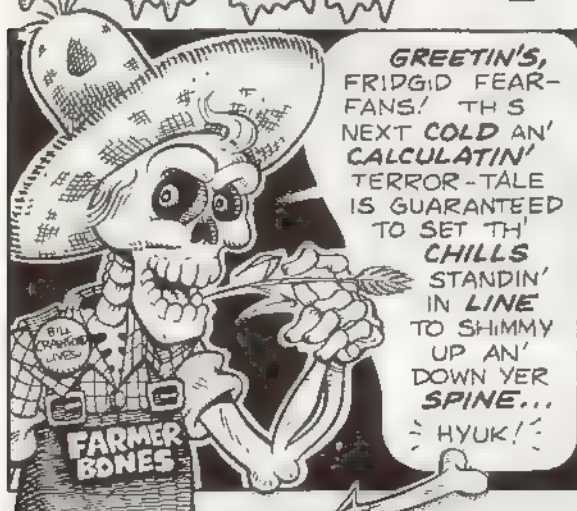
WH-

A-ARE YOU GOING
T'CALL THE COPS?



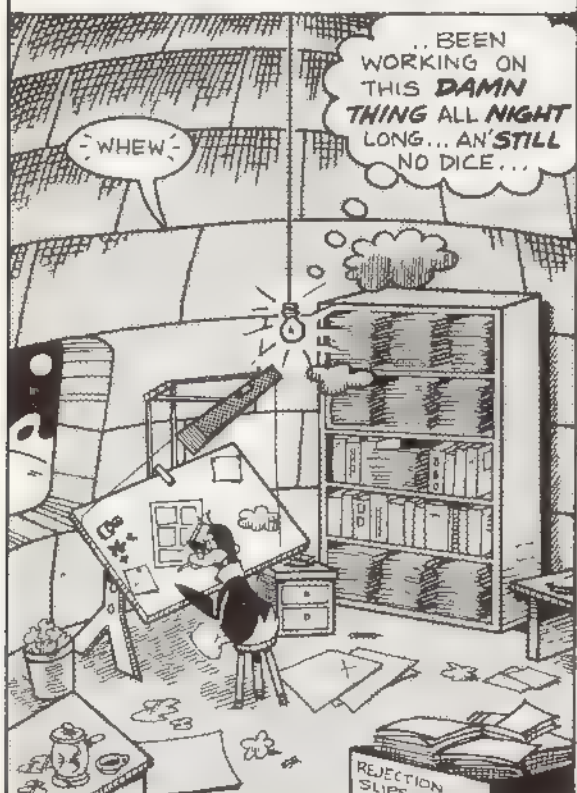
COLD TURKEY!

©1977



GREETIN'S,
FRIGID FEAR-
FANS! TH'S
NEXT COLD AN'
CALCULATIN'
TERROR-TALE
IS GUARANTEED
TO SET TH'
CHILLS
STANDIN'
IN LINE
TO SHIMMY
UP AN'
DOWN YER
SPINE...
HYUK!

LITTLE DID YOU REALIZE, FENWICK "TUX" AVIARY, THAT THIS ABORTIVE EVENING WOULD BE THE MOST **BIZZARE** NIGHT OF YOUR LIFE. YOUR WORK WAS PROGRESSING **MUCH** TOO SLOWLY; YOUR PENCIL SEEMED **FROZEN** TO THE SAME SPOT ON YOUR **BLANK** SHEET OF BRISTOL BOARD...



...BEEN
WORKING ON
THIS **DAMN**
THING ALL NIGHT
LONG... AN' STILL
NO DICE...

WHEW!

IT'S BEEN **HARD**, HASN'T IT, TUX? **HARD** ENOUGH JUST TO **MAINTAIN** THE **REPUTATION** YOU HAD BUILT UP... BEFORE THE **SYNDICATE** CANCELLED YOUR STRIP... AND YOU WERE FORCED TO DRAW **HORROR COMICS** TO EARN YOUR BIRDSEED...



JESUS CHRIST!
IT'S TOUGH ENOUGH
TO HOLD THIS
GODDAMN
PENCIL IN MY
FLIPPER...

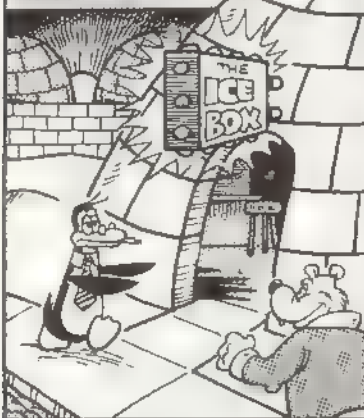
...LET ALONE
THINK UP THESE
NAUSEATING
HORROR
STORIES...

WAS IT **FRUSTRATION** OR MERE **BOREDOM** THAT DROVE YOU AWAY FROM YOUR DRAWING BOARD... OR PERHAPS YOUR **THIRST**... OR MAYBE SOMETHING **ELSE**... SOMETHING **TOTALLY UNEXPECTED**...

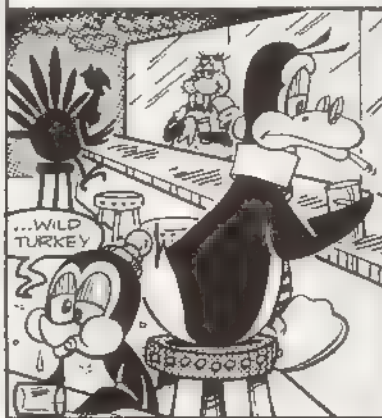


....SIX MONTHS
IS ENOUGH FOR
ONE NIGHT... I NEED
A DRINK. BAD.

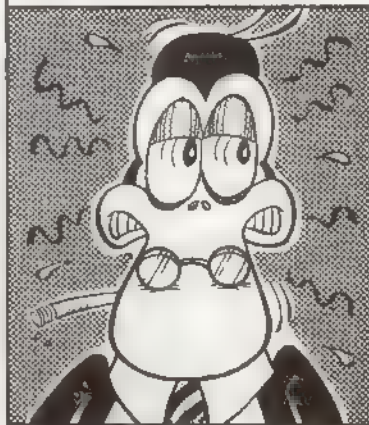
THE NIGHT AIR DID **LITTLE** TO RELIEVE YOUR **CONTEMPT**. YOU HAD **NO IDEA** OF WHERE YOU WERE WADDLING OR WHERE YOU'D **WIND UP...**



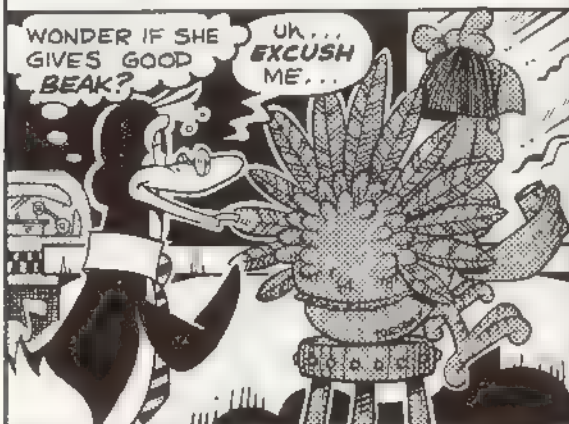
YOU FOUND YOURSELF SITTING **ALONE** IN A STRANGELY **SERENE BAR**, SIPPING A **DRINK**, AS IF YOU WERE IN A **DAZE...**



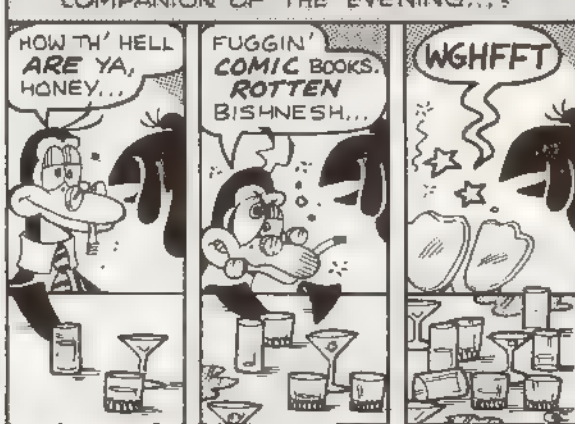
SLOWLY, YOUR EYES WERE **DRAWN** TO A DARK **CORNER** OF THE BAR WHERE **ANOTHER** FIGURE SAT **SILENT** AND **ALONE...**



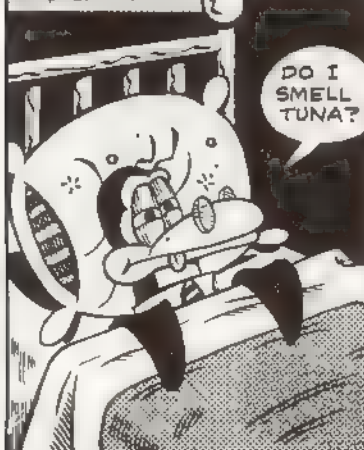
AFTER THE **STREAM** OF **ALCOHOL** HAD WASHED AWAY THE LAST **SHREDS** OF YOUR **RELUCTANCE**, YOU OFFERED THE **MURKY TURKEY** A COZY LITTLE **DRINK...**



WAS IT THE **DIM LIGHT** OR YOUR **UN-CARING DRUNKENNESS** THAT CAUSED YOU NOT TO **AWKNOWLEDGE** THE **ACTUAL FEATURES** OF YOUR **COMPANION** OF THE **EVENING...**?



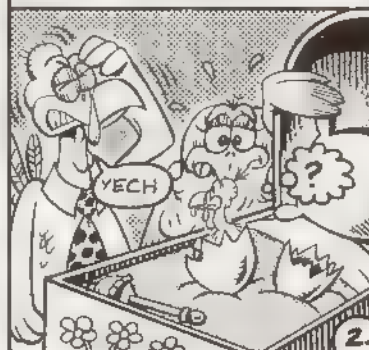
THEN THE **BLACKNESS** GAVE WAY...YOU WERE IN A **FOREIGN BED...**AND YOU SAW **HER...**



FEELING BETTER?



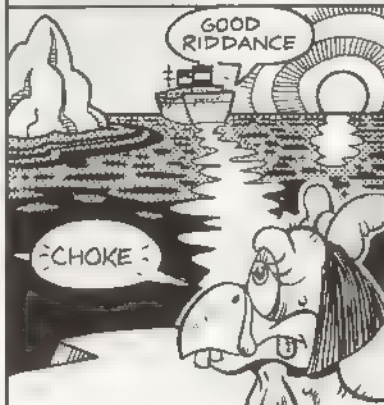
BEFORE YOU **KNEW** IT, SHE WAS RECITING HER **STORY**: "EVER SINCE I CAN **REMEMBER**, MY **RIDICULOUS APPEARANCE** MADE ME A **WART** ON THE **FEATHERED ASS** OF **TURKEYDOM...**



"AS I GREW OLDER, I
REALIZED MY ONLY NICHE
WAS IN A TRAVELING
FREAK SHOW..."



"BUT SOON, EVEN THE CARNY
ANIMALS GREW SICK OF
MY LOONY FACE... AND I
WAS ALONE AND FRIEND-
LESS IN THIS ICY BURG..."



UNTIL YOU CAME ALONG,
MR PENGUIN! IT WAS...
DESTINY THAT BROUGHT
US TOGETHER... LAST
NIGHT...



DESTINY, TUX! BUT OF A
FAR MORE OPPORTUNISTIC
NATURE...!



BOTH YOUR FOWL FATES
WERE SEALED AS YOU
UTTERED THE WORDS...



YOU BEGAN TO USE HER
TWISTED VISAGE AS THE
INSPIRATION FOR YOUR
LATEST BID AT SUCCESS...



HER IMAGE WAS GRIST FOR
YOUR MENTAL MILL AS YOU
HUNCHED OVER YOUR
BATTERED
DRAWING
BOARD...



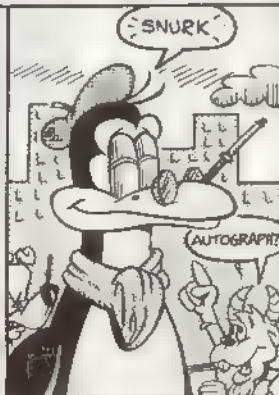
YOU KNEW THIS STUFF
WAS GOOD... AND WHEN
THE SYNDICATE HONCHOS
PUT FORTH A JUICY DEAL--
SUCCESS WAS ONCE MORE
IN YOUR FLIPPER!



BOY, THET TUX FELLA
WAS A DIRTY BIRD!
HE PARLAYED THET
PUTRID POULTRY'S MUG
INTO TH' BIGGEST COMIC-
STRIP HIT THIS SIDE O'
TIERRA DEL FUEGO...
GOOFUS GOBBLER!!!
AN' WHUT'D SHE GIT
FER HER TROUBLE?
WMMMM?



...IT WASN'T **LONG** BEFORE YOU HAD THE MONEY TO **ESCAPE** YOUR BLEAK SURROUNDINGS (AND EVEN **BLEAKER** "ROOMMATE"!) YOU WERE ON **TOP**... SEEN IN ALL THE "RIGHT" PLACES... WITH ALL THE "RIGHT" ANIMALS...



BUT THROUGH IT **ALL**, A **CANDLE** BURNED IN THE **WINDOW** OF A CRUMMY, CRAMPED **IGLOO**... WHERE YOUR **MAL-FORMED MODEL** STILL WAITED...



THEN, **FATE** STEPPED INTO YOUR LIFE ONCE **AGAIN**, IN THE FORM OF A...



HOW 'BOUT THAT? I'M TO BE **HONORED** AS ICEBURG'S "CITIZEN OF THE YEAR"... AN' THEY WANT ME AT THE **AWARD CEREMONY!**



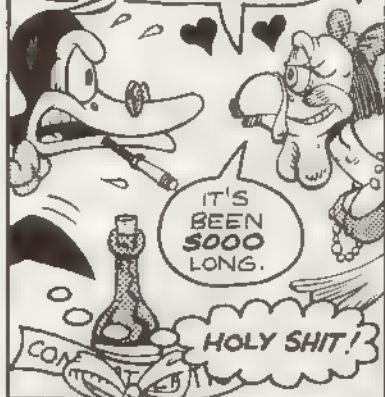
YOU FLEW **SOUTH** AND CHECKED INTO THE **BEST** HOTEL IN TOWN... AND THEN IT **HAPPENED**...



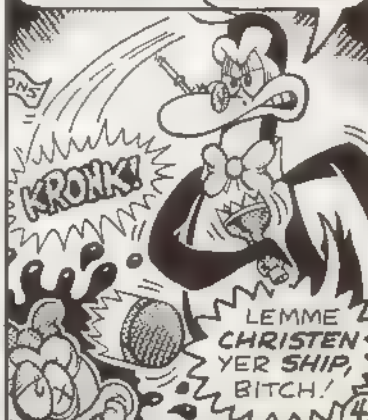
...THERE **SHE** WAS, IN ALL OF HER **FOWL GLORY**... A **MANGY SPECTRE** FROM YOUR PAST...



I JUST **KNEW** YOU'D COME BACK TO TAKE ME **WITH** YOU TO **SHARE** **EVERYTHING** NOW THAT OUR SHIP'S **FINALLY** COME IN...



"OUR" SHIP?! **LISSEN**, BABY, I WORKED MY **GODDAM FLIPPERS** TO TH' **BONE** FOR THAT! IF YOU WANNA **SHARE**, THO'...



NO ONE WATCHED THAT NIGHT AS YOU DUMPED HER LIFELESS CARCASS INTO A WET AND SALTY GRAVE...



GEE, I GUESS I AM A DIRTY BIRD, AT THAT!

YET YOUR SLEEP WAS TROUBLED WITH RECURRING VISITS BY THE TERRIFYINGLY TACKY TURKEY YOU'D JUST SNUFFED...

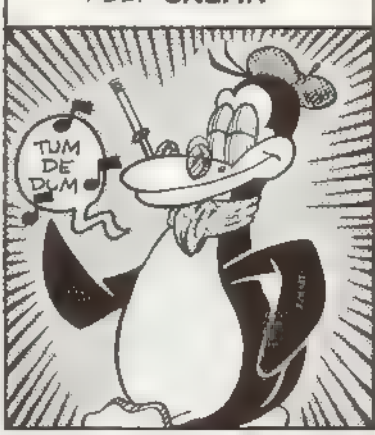


HEE HEE

OH HH

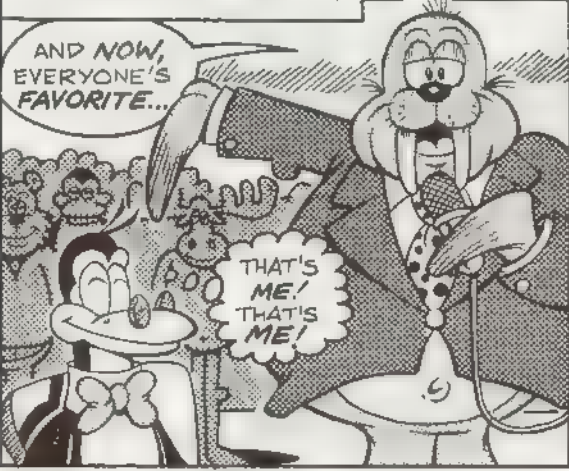
GNASH! GRIND! GRIT!

STRANGELY, YOUR CONSCIENCE WAS COMPLETELY CLEAR. THE NEXT MORNING, SHE WAS GONE AND YOU FELT GREAT!



TUM DE DUM

IT WAS AS IF SHE'D NEVER EXISTED AS YOU SAT THERE... LISTENING TO THEM MOUNT YOUR PRAISE...



AND NOW, EVERYONE'S FAVORITE...

THAT'S ME! THAT'S ME!

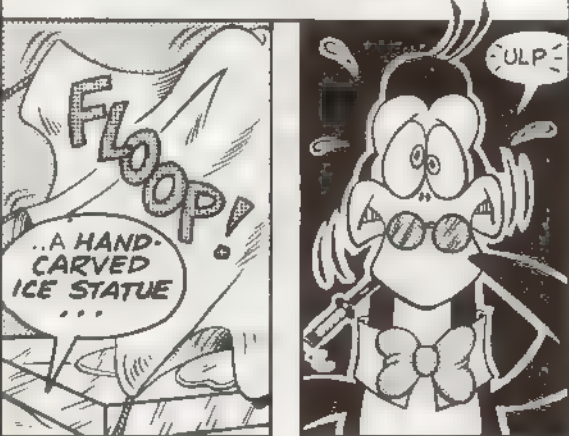
THIS WAS IT, TUX! ALL THE WORLD COULD SEE YOU IN YOUR SHINING HOUR! THOSE YEARS OF MISERY AND DEGRADATION WERE WORTH IT, TOO!



WE PRESENT YOU WITH THIS BEEYOOTIFUL TOKEN...

NO TURKEY COULD TAKE THIS MOMENT FROM YOU NOW...!

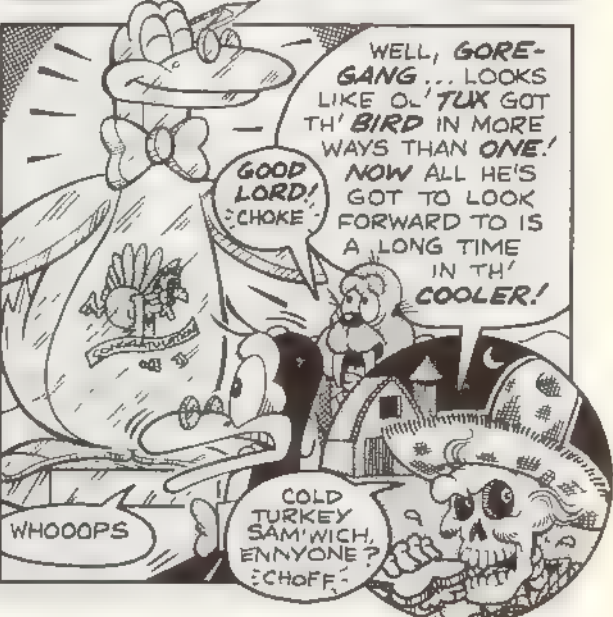
AS THE TARP SLID, SO DID YOUR DREAMS. IN THAT ONE INSTANT, TUX AVIARY, YOU KNEW YOU'D BEEN FUCKED BY FATE...



FLOOP!

...A HAND-CARVED ICE STATUE...

ULP



WELL, GORE-GANG... LOOKS LIKE OL' TUX GOT TH' BIRD IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE! NOW ALL HE'S GOT TO LOOK FORWARD TO IS A LONG TIME IN TH' COOLER!

GOOD LORD! CHOKED

WHOOOPS

COLD TURKEY SAM'WICH, ENNYONE? ECHOFF

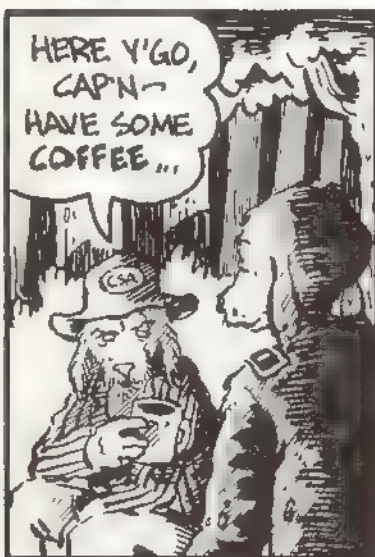
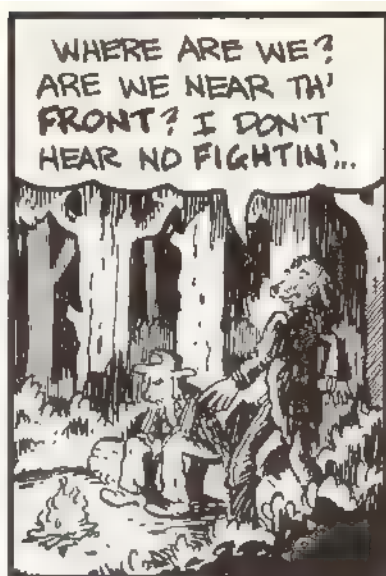
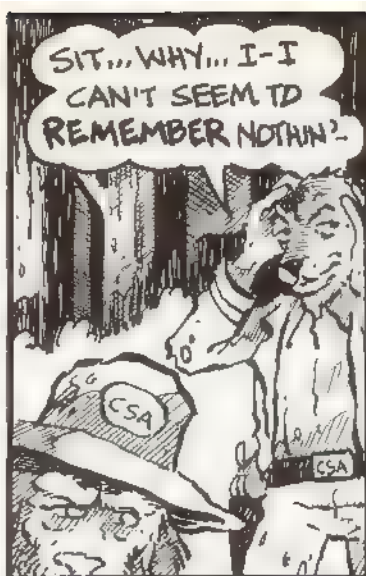
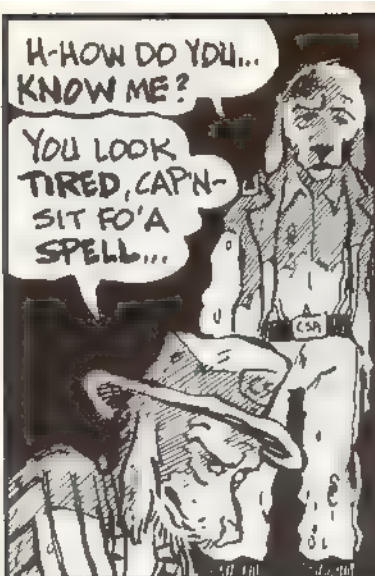
LISTEN CHILDREN - THEY'S TALES OF FOLKS WHO ARE SO LOST THAT NOT ONLY ARE THE GATES OF HEAVEN CLOSED TO THEM, BUT THEY CAN'T EVEN GET INTO HELL! AND IT'S ON NIGHTS LIKE THIS THAT THEM PITIFUL SOULS GO...

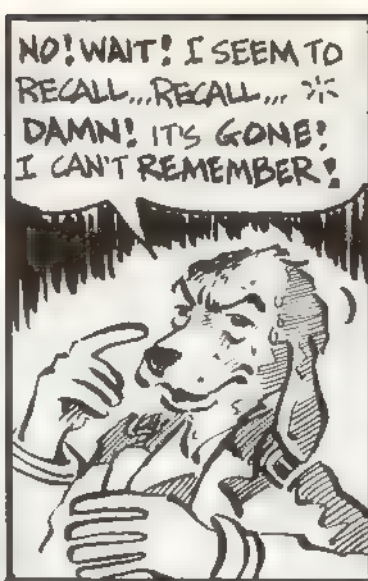
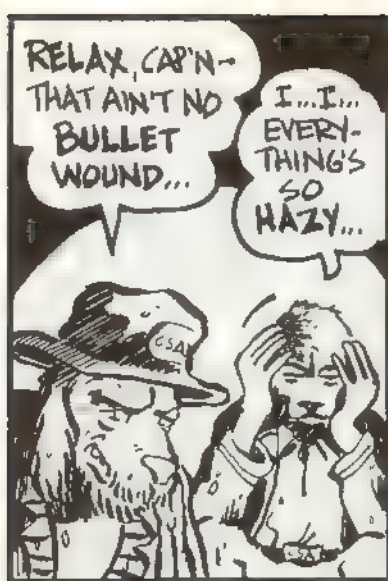
NIGHT CRAWLING



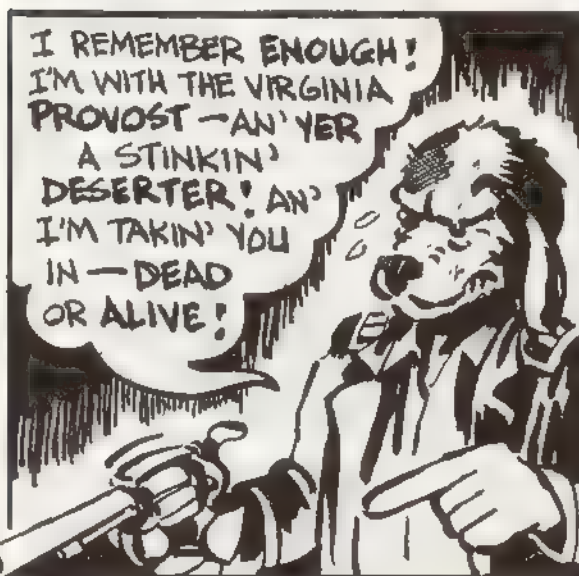
H-HELLO -
SHARE YER
FIRE..?

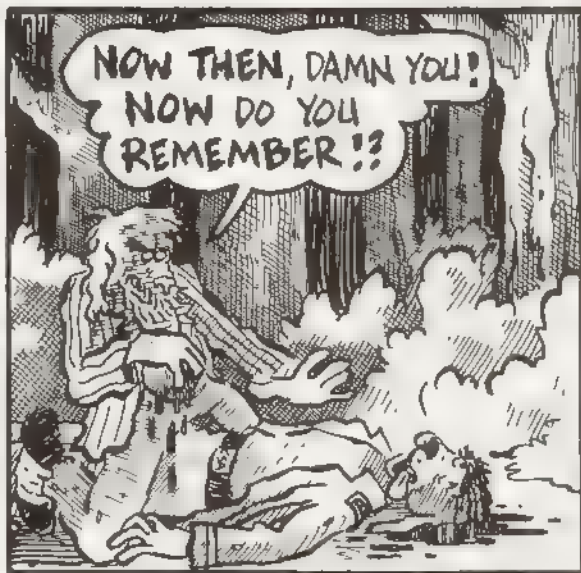
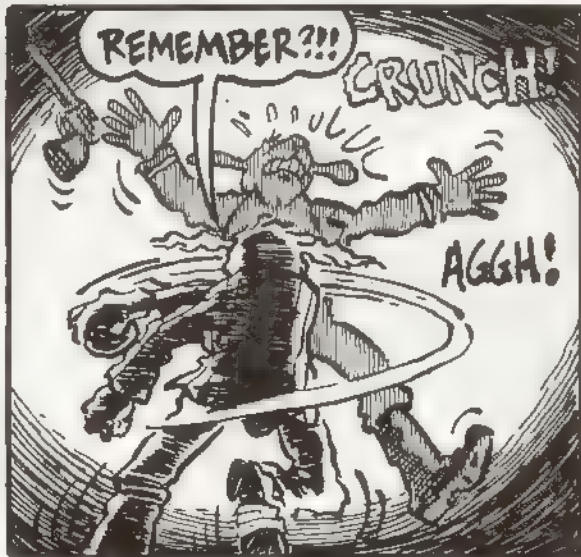
'LO, CAP'N -
COLD EVEN,
AIN'T IT...











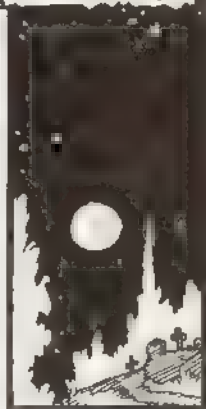
NOW DO YOU REMEMBER
HOW IT HAPPENED—
NOW YOU GIT YER
SHOT!—ENJOY IT,
YOU BASTARD!!



WHEN YOU'RE SO LOST
THAT YOU CAN'T EVEN
GET SPACE IN HELL...



THERE AIN'T
MUCH ELSE
TO DO FOR
ETERNITY...



BUT GO NIGHT CRAWLING!!



GAREFUL,
CHILDREN...
EVIL
MOVES
IN
SHADOW!

SLEEP
TIGHT...

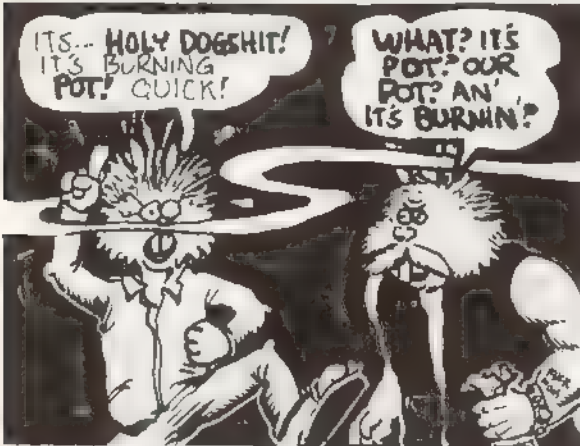
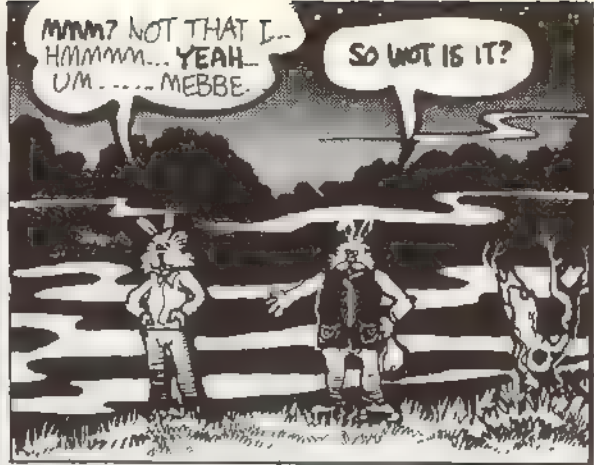
THE END

THE CRIMEY, SLIMEY MONSTER OF RATTENBERRY SWAMP

IT'S LIKE A SCENE FROM A 1950S SCI-FI
FLICK! THE TINY TOWN, THE SCREAMING U.F.O.,
THE TOWN SKEPTICS, TENSE ATMOSPHERE & A
TRUE BELIEVER AT TH' GAS STATION!









URK!

HOLY SHIT!
YOU CAN'T
DO THIS TO ME!



OH, I CAN'T? WHAT DO I
HAVE HERE? A PAIR
OF LOUD MOUTHED
TALKING RABBITS?

OH YUU.
YUH YUH..

UM, HI! I'M
P.J.



THIS IS M' PAL,
SCOTT? HE'S AN
INNELECKCHUAL!

DO YOU
HAFTA SAY
THAT? YOU
SAY IT TO
EVERYONE
WE MEET?

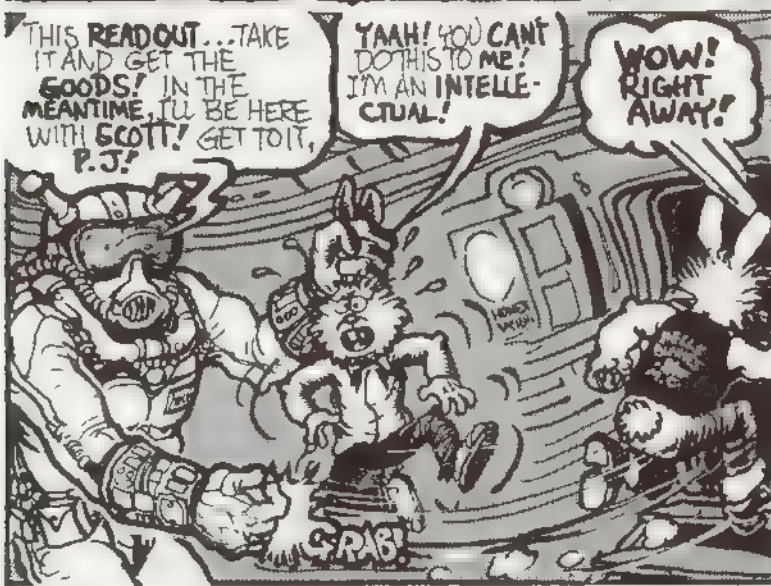


WELL, SCOTT, Y'WOULDN'T
WANNA MAKE TH' WRONG
IMPRESSION ON OUR
WORLD'S FIRST EMISSARY
FROM SPACE... THEY'D
THINK Y'WERE A JERK!

P.J.? WILL YOU CUT
THAT OUT? THIS IS A
SERIOUS OCCASION!



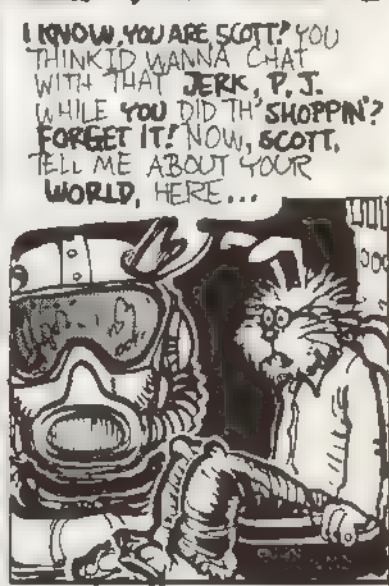
YER LITTLE INTELLECTUAL PAL IS RIGHT, P.J.! THIS
IS A SERIOUS MOMENT. INDEED, SINCE THERE
IS SOMETHING I BADLY WANT, AND I NEED YOU
TO GO GET IT FOR ME, P.J. I'M GOING TO
HOLD SCOTT HERE AS HOSTAGE AGAINST
YOUR RETURN, WITH WHAT I NEED!



THIS READOUT... TAKE
IT AND GET THE
GOODS! IN THE
MEANTIME, I'LL BE HERE
WITH SCOTT! GET TOIT,
P.J.!

YAAH! YOU CAN'T
DO THIS TO ME!
I'M AN INTELE-
CTUAL!

WOW!
RIGHT
AWAY!



I KNOW YOU ARE SCOTT? YOU
THINK I'D WANNA CHAT
WITH THAT JERK, P.J.
WHILE YOU DID TH' SHOPPIN'?
FORGET IT! NOW, SCOTT,
TELL ME ABOUT YOUR
WORLD, HERE...

HOLY SHIT ON A SACRED STICK! AN ALIEN WEIRDO'S GOT SCOTT AN' I GOTTA GET THIS SHIT...UHL WHAT IF I CAN'T READ THE FUCKING LIST? OMIGOD, I GOTTA CHECK IT OUT!



JESUS RABBIT! IT AIN'T LIKE HE'S MADE THIS EASY FOR ME! I GOTTA GO TO CROCHBURG FOR THIS STUFF! HMP. WHILE I'M THERE, I THINK I MIGHT BREAK A GUN SHOP OR SOMETHIN'. I GOTTA GET TH' UPPER HAND ON THIS CREEP.



THAT WUZ PRETTY EASY! BUT SHIT! NOW I GOTTA GO TO THE DOG PART A TOWN! NOT A PLACE FOR THIS WHITE RABBIT!



THEY'RE ALL LOOKING AT ME. THEY'RE ALL READY TO START BARKING! OH SHIT, THAT SPACE CREEP IS GONNA PAY FOR THIS!



CORNER BEEF? I THOUGHT YOU RABBIT BOYS WUZ ALL VEGETARIANS! = SPITE

YEAH, WELL I GOT A SICK FRIEND...

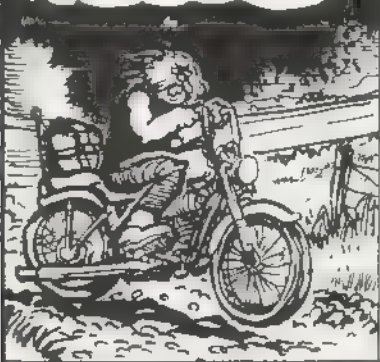


WELL, HE MUS' BE AWFUL SICK, PAL, YA KNOW? THAT'S \$17.83!

\$17.83?



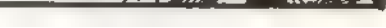
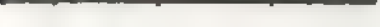
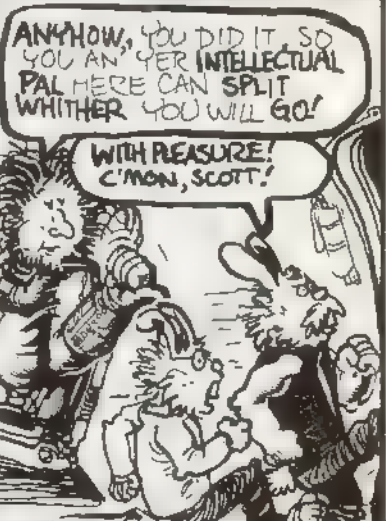
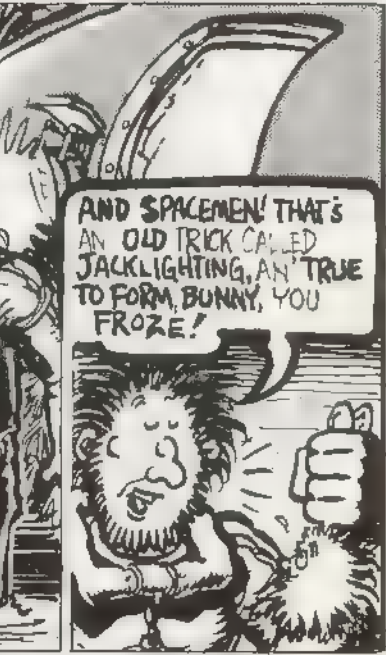
MAYBE I'LL GET MY REVENGE ON ASTRO-BOY, BUT I GOT THIS FEELING I AINT GONNA GET MY 20 BUCKS BACK 'SIGH' STUCK FER TH' DRINKS, AGAIN!



ORRIGHT, P.J.! STEEL YER GUTS! THIS IS IT! HEY, SPACE BOY! IT'S ME, P.J.! YA WANNA GIMME A HAND HERE?



SURE, P.J.! LET ME SWING TH' LIGHT AROUND!



HE WASN'T A
BAD GUY,
RUM, BUT
HE HAS THIS
AWFUL
BREATH!

SPARE ME
TH' INNELE-
CKCHUAL
DETAILS,
CHUM! LET'S
MAKE TRACKS!

WE'LL GO WAIT UP HERE
FOR HIM TO GO. THEN
WE CAN GO PICK UP WHAT'S
LEFT OF THAT POT! IT OUGHT
TO BE DRY WITH ALL THAT
UFO SITTING ON TOP OF IT!

Y'KNOW, SCOTT, HE'S
GONNA HAVE A LOTTA
FUN, OLE SPACE CREEP..
STARTIN' IN JUS' A LIL'
WHILE...

OH!




I LACED HIS FOOD WITH THAT
GRAM OF IMPURE L.S.D. I HAD!
MOTHER FUCKER THINKS HE
CAN SEND ME SHOPPING!

JESUS! HE'S GONNA
HAVE A REGULAR E.C.
HORROR STORY C.F.A.
TRIP, P.J...



SCOTT, THERE AIN'T NO OVERGROWN
APE CAN MAKE A MONKEY
OUTA THIS BUNNY BOY!
C'MON, LET'S GO GET SOME
MARIJUANA.





IT HAD ALL SOMEHOW
STARTED WITH...

THE SQUAT, UGLY BLACK
BEAST WITH HELL FIRE
EYES —

THAT DAMN DOG

— MORGAN'S DOG!

CARRIE STARED BACK
INTO THE COLD WHITE
EYES.

THE DAMN DOG COULD
WAIT. SHE'D KILL IT
LATER.

CARRIE REMEMBERED
NOTHING OF HER LIFE
BEFORE COMING TO THE
HOUSE WITH MORGAN

... SHE DID REMEMBER
THAT... AND THE DOG


THERE WERE THINGS SHE
JUST KNEW BUT SHE **DID**
REMEMBER THAT...

... AND FRAGMENTS OF
MORGAN'S THOUGHTS,
MEMORIES STRETCHING

FAR BACK IN TIME...

... VISIONS OF STRANGE
PLACES AND STRANGER
HAPPENINGS ALL VERY OLD.

MORGAN WAS A **VAMPIRE.**
NOW, SO WAS **CARRIE.**



THEN TOO UPON OCCAS ON
THERE WERE NEW ONES,
MORGAN BROUGHT THEM
HOME LAUGHING.

LATER, THEY ALSO STAYED
UNDER THE W LLOW TREES
WAITING TO BE CALLED.



MORGAN WAS ABSOLUTE
MASTER OVER ALL OF
THEM...

HE DOMINATED THEIR BODY,
MIND, AND SOUL!

THERE WERE BRIEF TIMES
WHEN CARRIE COULD THINK
A LITTLE ON HER OWN.

LIKE NOW WHEN HE WAS BUSY
WITH THE NEW ONE.
THESE WERE THE TIMES
WHEN SHE **HATED** MORGAN!

- TIMES WHEN SHE KNEW
SHE WOULD **DESTROY** HIM.

- TIME'S LIKE NOW!



THERE WERE OTHERS, DOWN
IN THE CRYPT, IN THE
COOL, DARK, DAMP EARTH
UNDER THE GIANT WILLOW
TREES BEHIND MORGAN
HOUSE.

SOMETIMES THE OTHERS,
ONE OR TWO AT A TIME,
WERE ALLOWED TO COME
INTO THE HOUSE.

CARRIE DIDN'T LIKE THAT.

A MAD BLACK HUMOR
CONSUMED HER. A
RECKLESS LAUGH
TUMBLED DOWN THE
STONE STEPS ROLLING
AFTER MORGAN'S
TUMBLING HEADLESS
BODY.

THE DOG WAS BLACK AND
UGLY, IT'S EYES BURNING
INTO HER BRAIN.

SHE KNEW THE DOG HAD
ALWAYS BEEN WITH
MORGAN AND...

... SOMETHING MORE...

... BUT SHE DIDN'T KNOW
ABOUT THE "MORE" BECAUSE
MORGAN WOULDN'T THINK
ABOUT IT.

HE WAS AFRAID TO.



THE MASTER HAD LOST
HIS HEAD — HA-HA!



A GOOD JOKE!
A HEADLESS VAMPIRE!

HER REVENGE WAS WHOLE,
RICH, AND SWEET.

A HEADLESS VAMPIRE...
A THING THAT COULD
NOT DIE.



CARRIE SLIPPED
IN THE BLOOD,
THERE WAS AN
AWFUL LOT OF
BLOOD.

SHE GIGLED,
WONDERING
WHO'S IT
WAS.



WHO'S BLOOD
FLOWED THROUGH
HIS CENTURY
RULING VAMPIRE
VENS?

MILICENT S? SUSAN S?
SHE A, MAYBE?

THERE WERE A
LOT OF THEM
DOWN THERE.

A FEW STILL
HANGING ON TO A SLIP OF
HALF LIFE...
... NOT YET
DRAINED.

STILL DONORS!



NO MORE SHARP KISSES
FOR THEM.

LEFT TO ROT ALIVE, TAKING
NO MORE SWEET BLOOD,
CHANGING NO MORE
YOUNG GIRLS INTO COFFIN-
STINKING THINGS OF THE
NIGHT.

... DOING NEVER
AGAIN WHAT HE HAD
DONE TO HER!

THE MASSIVE IRON DOOR
TO THE VAULT CLANGED
BEHIND HER.



CARRIE WAS EXHAUSTED,
IT HAD BEEN A TERRIBLE
EFFORT TO WITHSTAND,
TO OVERCOME HIS WILL
FOR EVEN A MOMENT.



IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE
DISTRACTION OF A NEW
VICTIM —



THE DOG
WAS GONE.

THE HEAD WAS GONE.
BLOOD RED PAW PRINTS.
DAMN!



THE DAMN DOG
HAS THE HEAD!

WELL, THAT WAS A GOOD
JOKE TOO. LET THE BEAST
DRAG IT OUT TO THE MOOR
AND BURY IT LIKE AN
OLD BONE.

DOGS LIKE TO BURY THINGS.

AND TO HELL WITH HIM!!

NOW SHE WANTED HER BED,
NEEDED THE BIG DARK
ROOM BADLY.

VERY SOON IT
WOULD BE
DAWN —



HURRY, CARRIE!

INSIDE, SHE CLEANED
HER BLOOD SPATTERED
LEGS.

THERE WAS A
SCRATCHING AT
THE DOOR.

THEN SOMETHING
THUMPING — HARD!



THUD-THUD!

NOBODY HOME, THOUGHT
CARRIE.

"GO AWAY."

THE MASSIVE OAK DOOR SHATTERED INWARD, BURST INTO SHARDS OF KINDLING.

THE SHARP PIECES JUST MISSING HER!

THE HEAD LAY ON THE DOORSTEP, GRINNING.

LONG TEETH, SHARP KNIVES GLEAMING!

SHE RAN AT IT WITH AN IRON POKER. TOO LATE.

NO!

THE DOG SCOOPED UP THE HEAD.

AND WAS GONE!

CARRIE FROZE ON THE DOORSTEP. A FAINT GLOW ON THE HORIZON. **DAWN!**

FRANTIC, SHE RAN UP THE STAIRS, - GET INTO THE DARK BEDROOM... **HURRY, HURRY!**

BOLT THE DOOR, UNDER THE COVERS... STRANGE, CURSED HEART BEATING SAVAGELY.

AROUND THE CIRCULAR ROOM WERE FIVE ENORMOUS DRAPED WINDOWS FROM FLOOR TO CEILING.

THE DOG WAILED, A MOCKING
WAIL ECHOING FROM THE PIT.

ONE BY ONE, THE
WINDOWS SHATTERED.

THEY EXPLODED IN—
SHREDDING THE
BLACK VELVET DRAPES.

THE LIGHT!
BURNING!

BLINDING!

OBLIVION—!

CARRIE REMEMBERED OLD GOLDEN DAYS WHEN THE SUN WAS LIFE,
THE LIGHT OF LIFE, DAZZLING BRIGHT SWEET LIFE. BUT THAT WAS
BEFORE SHE CAME TO MORGAN HOUSE, ... AND THE DARK. NOW
LIGHT WAS DEATH, ... AND WORSE THAN DEATH.

SHE STARTED DOWNSTAIRS...
AWAY FROM THE LETHAL LIGHT,
LEVERING A STONE ORNAMENT
ON THE GREAT FIREPLACE.

A SECRET PASSAGE, AN
UNDERGROUND TUNNEL TO
THE ADJOINING TOMB—

SCRAMBLING WILDLY
ALONG THE SLIPPERY
STONES.

HURRY!

TO SAFETY!

PLUNGE INTO THE DARK,
THE GOOD SAFE MUSTY
BLACK.

THE DOG!

THE COURSE FUR
BRISTLING OVER
HARD MUSCLED BODY
TWISTS BETWEEN
HER LEGS, RACING
AHEAD—

— THEN, PAUSING,
WHEELING ABOUT.
WAITING AS IF
MAKING SURE CARRIE
WAS COMING. AS IF
IT KNEW THERE WAS
NO WHERE ELSE FOR
HER TO GO.

THE FIREPLACE OPENED ON
A STAIRED PASSAGE LEADING
DOWNWARD.

THEN THE THING
WHEELED AND RACED
DOWN THE BLACK
HOLE TO THE
CRYPT.

THE TOMB —

SANCTUARY AT
LAST, SAFE, FAR
UNDERGROUND,
HER OWN SLIM
COFFIN, —

THE STONE
WALLS GIVE
OFF A FAINT
GLOW,
ENOUGH TO
SEE...

THE DOG!

IN ITS MOUTH.

MORGAN!

THE DOG
DROPPED IT.

THE HEAD MADE
A SOUND LIKE
A MELLON
BOUNCING

DOWN —

THE —
STONE —

STEPS.

IT ROLLED TO
HER FEET..

PETRIFIED,
HER LAST
STRENGTH
GONE, CARRIE
FROZE HYPNO-
TIZED BY
HIS EYES.

THE EYES IN
MORGAN'S
SEVERED
HEAD BLAZED
WHITE —
LIKE THE
DOGS' EYES.

MORGAN'S GREAT
YELLOW TEETH
SEEMED TO
HAVE GROWN
LONGER...

THEY WERE
LONGER...

... LIKE
TWO DOZEN —
SHARP KNIVES...

GNASHING...

... CHEWING!

THE DAMN DOG
SAT DOWN TO
WATCH...

...THE END.

LET ME AXE MY WIFE

POOR JOE TURTLE, ALL HE WANTED WAS SOME FUN ONCE IN AWHILE!



BUT HIS WIFE WAS THE BOSS AND SHE ALWAYS HAD OTHER PLANS FOR JOE!



SO JOE WOULD TELL HIS FRIENDS HE 'CHANGED HIS MIND'. THEY ALWAYS LEFT LAUGHIN'. THEY KNEW WHY HE WASN'T GOIN'



THAT'S THE WAY IT ALWAYS WAS!



AND THE MORE HE THOUGHT ABOUT IT... THE Madder HE GOT!



... HE COULD STAND IT NO MORE! HE'D SHOW HER WHO WAS BOSS!!



SO NOW IT WAS ALL OVER AND HE ONLY HAD TO GET RID OF HER BODY!



MAYBE HIS CHOICE OF DISPOSAL WAS A BIT DISGUSTING! JOE DIDN'T MIND...



AFTERALL, THIS'D BE THE LAST TIME HE'D HAVE TO EAT CROW!!!

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